

**ASHBURN HALL, DUNEDIN.**  
LICENSED PRIVATE ASYLUM.

This establishment is specially designed and adapted for the care and treatment of persons mentally affected. It is under the control of a resident physician, and has a full staff of attendants and servants. It has been thirteen years in existence. The number of inmates is forty. Privacy, home comforts, association with small numbers, with much personal liberty, distinguishes it. Each inmate has a bed-room, and there is ample provision by means of separate buildings for classification of the patients, who receive careful individual attention. Charges: Two and three guineas a week.

**STRATHMORE PRIVATE HOSPITAL**  
FOR DISEASES OF WOMEN

Is now open for the admission of patients.

For particulars apply to

THE MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT,  
STRATHMORE HOSPITAL,  
CHRISTCHURCH.

HAS 35 YEARS  
WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

**BROWN & POLSON'S**  
**CORN FLOUR.**

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.

PLAN OF

COROMANDEL PENINSULA.

ISSUED BY THE  
AUCKLAND CHAMBER OF MINES.

A New Map, taken from Government Plans, recording Gold Mining Surveys in the Hauraki Mining District, has been published by the Auckland Chamber of Mines.

The New Plan gives every Mining Lease granted on the Gold-fields, from Cape Colville to Te Aroha.

Copies can be obtained at the Auckland Chamber of Mines, at the Star and GRAPHIC Office, Auckland, or at the Star and GRAPHIC Branch Office, Custom House Quay, Wellington.

PRICE 7/6

**HEADACHE**

Readers of this paper should know that Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which obtained the highest award at the Paris Exhibition of 1889, is an immediate cure for headache. It is pleasant to take and will be found most refreshing after shopping, or as a morning restorative. Strongly recommended by the "Lancet" and "British Medical Journal." Of all chemists in two sizes.

**CURED.**



THE LADY SPECULATOR.

It is amusing to note how much more circumspectly people speculate in mining shares now than they did ten months or so ago. A good many people who speculated then got more or less burned, and now, though the fire has not lost its attractions, they approach it, walking delicately like Agav. Many, I daresay, will get burned again, for wisdom dwelleth not with the multitude, and mining shares claim an extraordinary large amount of that uncertainty which characterises all mundane things. The average masculine speculator, however, does make some pretence of ascertaining for himself the merits of the particular mine, *in case* or *in futuro*, in which he wishes to invest, and believes himself to be guided by his discoveries; but the average feminine speculator, so far as I have been able to observe her little ways, scarcely knows whether there is a mine at the back of her shares or not. All she is concerned to know—Will the shares rise and will she double or treble her money? And she is ready to take as a guarantee an affirmative answer from any friend who, by virtue of his being a man, she supposes, knows all about shares and such things. And she doesn't require him to give her any reasons for the faith that is in him; indeed, she is rather impatient of reasons, for they are troublesome things to follow. Her faith that she will make money by her shares does not need the support of reasons. It is based as firm as a rock on the feeling that not to make money by her shares when Mrs Smith and Mrs Brown have made so much by theirs would be a too impossible piece of injustice ever to happen to her.

I THINK mining booms must be specially sent to fill a want in the lives of that large class of ladies who feel it against their principles to do a little betting on horse races and that kind of thing—ladies who would not patronise an opera unless the proceeds were to be devoted to the spiritual succour of the heathen or to a similar object. These good people see only too clearly the immorality of racing bets. 'Just thing of it! it is such a bad thing to lose money in that way, you know, and to gain it is almost as bad, for isn't your gain somebody else's loss? Yes, indeed, horse racing tramples Christian sentiment underfoot.' But when it comes to gaining somebody else's money on the Stock Exchange it is curious how blameless the transaction may become. The use of mining shares as a legitimate money investment cannot be called in question, but those pious ladies, as a rule, speculate merely on the rise of shares, irrespective of the merits of the mines they represent, and congratulate themselves when they manage to sell out at top prices before the drop. They are correspondingly disappointed if the shares continue to rise after they have disposed of them—all which manifestly demonstrates that they grudge a gain to their neighbour, and are glad when they have shifted the burden of loss off their shoulders on to his. What part does Christian sentiment play in this, I wonder? Of course I am not wronging those ladies so far as to suppose that they see the matter in the way I have put it. I am sure they don't, and the anomalies we may happen to see in their conduct simply arise from a certain incapacity of theirs to seize the true meaning of such speculation as I have been referring to. Pleasure and dissipation have been always bracketed in their minds with horse-racing, and these danger signals have led them to easily recognise the wickedness of losing one's own money or winning somebody else's over a horse race, but there is to their minds a halo of sober respectability about the word

'business' that disarms a curious inspection of the meaning of certain transactions in mining shares which they embark in with innocent enough intentions.

THE AMENITIES OF FOOTBALL.

THE oft-repeated remark of the French statesman that the English take their pleasures sadly is, singularly enough, almost as true of Britishers to-day as it probably was four hundred years ago when it was first uttered. But it is a remark that is not applicable to Britain's sons in Australasia. Then how, you may ask, do the Australasians take their pleasures? Judging from a recent report of an Australian football match—football undoubtedly is the favourite game of all classes under the Southern Cross; even the ladies delight in it, though they may not take an active part in the field—judging from the report of that match I should be inclined to slightly paraphrase the Frenchman's dictum and say 'the Australasians take their pleasures brutally.' I have often felt inclined to say it before when I have had the pleasure (?) of witnessing our young New Zealand barbarians at play. The amount of unnecessary roughness which characterises the game as played in the northern part of the colony has called forth no end of hostile comments from visitors. One gentleman friend of mine who had endeavoured to get an inkling of the objects and methods of the game at a large town v. country match, left the field with anything but a clear conception of them. So far, however, as he could make clear, the main point of the sport was for each player first to try and secure the ball, and failing in the endeavour, the next thing was to do his utmost to kill the man who had succeeded.

BUT the sanguinary records of New Zealand football—they are sanguinary, to say the least of them—shrink into insignificance with the doings at that Australian match to which I referred, an encounter which may serve to warn us against the tendency to sheer brutality that is manifested more and more in our football fields. The friends of football have always contended that the game was not only healthful, but that it developed the best qualities of manliness and generosity in a lad. I was myself accustomed to defend the sport on similar grounds, but I must confess that my faith is getting more rudely shaken every season. I have long doubted whether football does not merit the epithet 'deathful' just as much as healthful, and since the news of that record Australian match I am afraid to speak of manliness and generosity. And now for that match. It was between two teams known, respectively, as Home-bush and Oriental. 'From the start,' says a contemporary, 'Oriental made the game very "willing," and the referee, Mr H. Hazel, with a commendable determination to enforce the rules regarding rough play, ordered two of the visiting team off the field. This action, coupled with the subsequent defeat of the Oriental team by 12 points to nil, so enraged the players and their supporters that they proceeded to "deal it out" to the referee at the conclusion of the match, kicking and striking him in the most brutal manner, and showering upon him mud and other missiles. In self-defence Mr Hazel was compelled to draw a revolver, with which he had come armed.'

I verily believe this is the first appearance of the revolver in Australasian football, and the fact should be carefully noted, for it marks a new era. Henceforth in addition to the football, powder and ball may come to play an important part in our national game, and the prowess of a team be decided not by the strength of muscle and swiftness of limb of the contestants, but by a quick eye and a sure finger. And as it really appears that the popularity of the game to a very large degree depends on the chances of serious accident which the players run, there is no fear of it waning in the public favour on the introduction of a Colt's pistol into the equipment of a first-class forward or full back. The Australasian football matches of the future will be regular gladiatorial conflicts, and the bloody encounters will apparently be as keenly relished by the ladies as the encounters of a Roman holiday were by the maids and matrons of the Eternal City. What an interest will attach to a match where the goal-keeper stands six-shooter in hand to defend any rush on the goal! What a glorious thing it will be to behold the wounded borne from the field amid the stirring music of the 'Dead March' played by the band on the pavilion! How the scarred veterans of